IF YOU HAVE A SONG, A THOUGHT, A FEELING, OR ANYTHING KIND YOU WANT TO SHARE, PLEASE DO EMAIL ME.

IF YOU HAVE SOMETHING SHITTY TO SAY, GO AHEAD, BUT THE FUTURE IS KIND AND WE'RE LEAVING YOU BEHIND.

DO NOT PURCHASE THIS ZINE. IT IS ALWAYS FREE.

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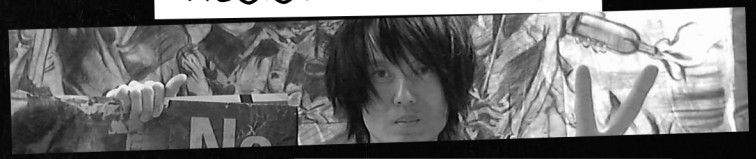
#002

Anti-Cap

MUSIC FOR THE FUTURE

IN THIS ARTICLE:

Resist and Exist



Chumbawamba

Sin Shake Sin

Bob Dylan

Growing up in California, I was exposed to a great many bands which, today, I have no recollection of when or how I discovered them! Resist and Exist is one of those bands.

At some point in high school, I discovered a spoken word poem titled "Curious Poem". It resonated with me deeply. And though I never looked up the creator, it lingered in the back of my mind all these years, nagging me to recall it and remember why it once held such meaning for me.

It took some deep digging, but I traced the poem to E&R's 2000 album "Kwangju". The entirety of this anarcho-punk love letter to the endurance of the human spirit deserves its own deep-dive - and maybe I will someday but, for now, consider these words by Eileen Hagerman. Written nearly three decades ago, but still terribly relevant today.

BLOWIN' IN THE WIND

How many roads must a man walk down
Before you call him a man?
How many seas must the white dove sail
Before she sleeps in the sand?
Yes, and how many times must the cannonballs fly
Before they're forever banned?

THE ANSWER, MY FRIEND, IS BLOWIN' IN THE WIND
THE ANSWER IS BLOWIN' IN THE WIND

Yes, and how many years can a mountain exist
Before it is washed to the sea?
Yes, and how many years can some people exist
Before they're allowed to be free?
Yes, and how many times can a man turn his head
And pretend that he just doesn't see?

THE ANSWER, MY FRIEND, IS BLOWIN' IN THE WIND
THE ANSWER IS BLOWIN' IN THE WIND

Yes, and how many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky?
Yes, and how many ears must one man have
Before he can hear people cry?
Yes, and how many deaths will it take till he knows
That too many people have died?

THE ANSWER, MY FRIEND, IS BLOWIN' IN THE WIND
THE ANSWER IS BLOWIN' IN THE WIND

I suspect I would be hard-pressed to find anyone who hasn't heard Bob Dylan's "Blowin' In The Wind", or, at the very least, the folk legend themself. Whether hearing the name evokes an image of a great singer, songwriter, poet, or just some old fogy who made equally old and dusty music that your grandparents listened to, you can't deny that Bob Dylan has made a massive impact on the world, the way that we think about music, and the way that we think of ourselves.

During an interview in 1962, BD had this to say about their new release:

"I STILL SAY THAT SOME OF THE BIGGEST CRIMINALS ARE THOSE THAT TURN THEIR HEADS AWAY WHEN THEY SEE WRONG AND KNOW IT'S WRONG."

Bob is still alive, by the way, living in Malibu, California at the age of 84.

CURIOUS POEM

Maybe I'm wanting to go back to a simpler time in life;
Crawl back into the womb
Maybe I'm envious of children
All I know is that there's a point in every person's life–
I think it hit me at thirteen, maybe–
Where you really lose your innocence

One day, you're a child
You're living in this colorful world
Where everything is a wonderful mystery
And the whole world revolves around you

One day you try to go just a little further than usual;
You're testing your limits
And you realize that there is a leash on your collar
And you keep pulling and pulling
But all you do is choke yourself

Then you take a look around you
You finally see the big picture, or at least a part of it
You think about where you are in the scheme of things
You have this amazing revelation
But you hate it because it's not pretty and it's not fun
You begin to ask questions that really can't be answered
Except, this time, they are questions that matter

Your every movement is fixed and monitored carefully
Your future is planned
And any deviation is punishable
There is no time for fun and games
For you are preparing to join the rat race
Where's your place?

And then there is this matter
With the leash that you are now aware of
You see who is at the end of it:
There are your parents and teachers
Totalitarianism disguised as guidance
So you keep pulling, trying to escape
Trying to find a weak link
And you keep choking
Well, you either give up or you break your neck
And lucky if you get away

Now, there you are
Trapped and dehumanized
But it gives you lots of time to think
Perhaps because the only thing you have are your thoughts
So you think, and you plan, and you dream
About what you'll do when and if you're ever free

Finally, one day, it is declared that you are free
However, by the time they are through with you
You are a helpless, shivering mess
Completely drained
And your spirit is broken

You're afraid because you know nothing else
Freedom has always been this distant dream
Now, you can go, but where?
So, there you remain
Or maybe you carefully step away

Slowly, now
Steady, like a baby faun taking her first steps
And you look back to see that
Your parents and teachers weren't holding the leash after all
They were merely on the other end of it
With their own collars

You feel sorry for them
But what a revelation:
You're free!
Wild as a deer

But wait, you can only go so far
There's a big fence blocking your way
It's twenty miles high
And it's guarded by police, the government
Your boss, and the army
And you're still chained
It's just a little longer than before

You thought you were free, ha!
You look around
You see millions of others just like you
All connected with chains
And they're so tangled and intertwined
That no one can tell who's holding the leash anymore

LUNATICS AND SLAVES.

Kill the signal
Rewrite the message
Point the finger
Count your possessions

I hope you sleep tight tonight
The lunatics have taken over the asylum
I hope you sleep tight tonight
The lunatics have taken over the asylum

**HATE WHAT THEY TELL YOU TO HATE.
LOVE WHEN THEY SAY IT'S OKAY.
STILL, YOU HAVE NOTHING TO SAY ANYWAY,
AND YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW YOU'RE A SLAVE.**

Lies are shinin'
Truth is fadin'
If hope is comin'
I'm still waitin'

Erase the painter
From the picture
Blame the poor
While the rich get richer

SIN SHAKE SIN

Sin Shake Sin's "Lunatics and Slaves" was released in 2014 but, somehow, I didn't discover it until just last year.

To date, SSS has two studio albums and a handful of singles and every. single. one. deals with governmental and societal corruption/decay in some way.

Not only that, but Lunatics and Slaves was their first official release, completely self-produced and unsigned - and it has reached a level of success that I couldn't dream of (as a DIY musician, myself).

If the title track hooks you, I highly recommend streaming their entire discography. You won't regret it.

And the chains are too strong
And the fence is too high for you alone
But the only way you could ever hope to break free
Is for everyone to pull together at the same time
And tear down the fence

But everyone is pulling in different directions
Trying to achieve their own ends
And half of them don't even realize that they're chained
Because they never even tried to leave

Maybe they're the lucky ones
At least they find bliss
But you know that there are greener pastures elsewhere
A place where there are no chains
And no collars
And you roam freely
And it's just on the other side of that fence

CHUMBAWAMBA

I only ever knew Chumbawamba for their dancey, punk-esque hit TUBTHUMPER—

Not once did it occur to me that they were anything other than one-hit wonders with anything more to offer.

HUBRIS.

Diving deeper into their musical career, I find myself in awe at the breadth and scope of the political ideologies explored in their music: Anti-fascism, homophobia, animal rights, feminism, and I'm sure many more themes that are dear to my heart that I have yet to discover as I have only begun to scratch the surface of their discography.

With that, I want to share with you the song that got me started down this rabbit hole (as it was shared with me on Bluesky). I only wish it wasn't a song that still needed to be sung.

THEY'RE HERE AND THEY'RE THERE AND THEY'RE EVERYWHERE.

THE DAY THE NAZI DIED

We're told that after the war the Nazis vanished without a trace
But battalions of fascists still dream of a master race
The history books, they tell of their defeat in '45

But they all came out of the woodwork on the day the Nazi died

They say the prisoner at Spandau was a symbol of defeat
Whilst Hess remained imprisoned and the fascists, they were beat
So the promise of an Aryan world would never materialize

So why did they all come out of the woodwork on the day the Nazi died?

The world is riddled with maggots; the maggots are getting fat
They're making a tasty meal of all the bosses and bureaucrats
They're taking over the boardrooms, and they're fat and full of pride

And they all came out of the woodwork on the day the Nazi died

So if you meet with these historians, I'll tell you what to say
Tell them that the Nazis never really went away
They're out there burning houses down and peddling racist lies

AND WE'LL NEVER REST AGAIN
UNTIL EVERY NAZI DIES!